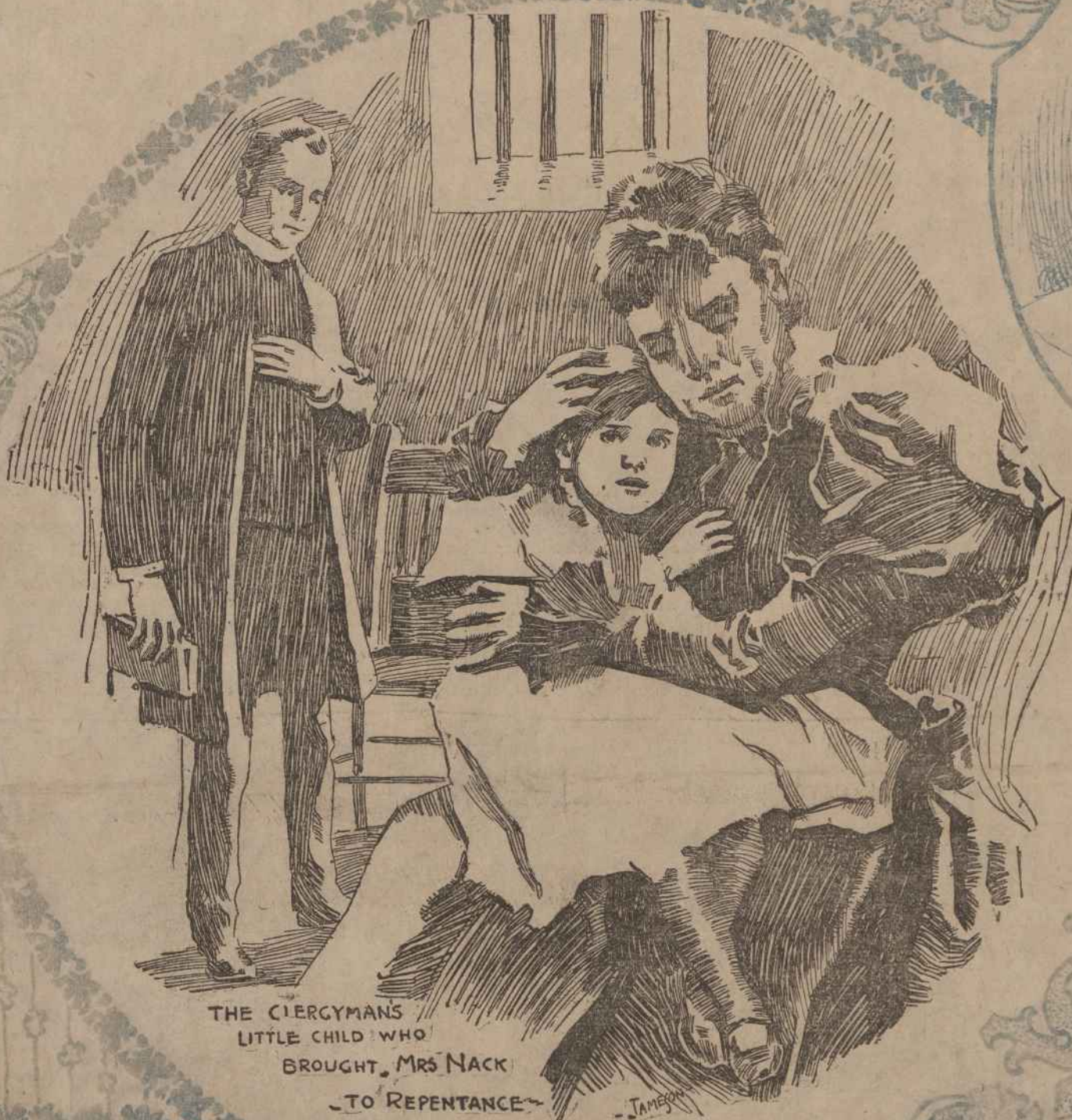


MRS. NACK'S FAITH IN DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

Rev. Dr. Miles Writes How a Little Child Brought Her to the Saviour and Her Confession Came As Her First Act of Repentance.

"I make this confession because I am here before the people and before God, and for fear of God."

From MRS. AUGUSTA NACK'S sworn testimony last Wednesday.



MRS. NACK'S FAVORITE PSALM.

PSALM XXIII.

David's Confidence in God's Grace.

A Psalm of David.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE
REV. DR. MILES
FROM PHOTO
BY SARONY

BY THE REV. R. H. P. MILES,
PRISON CHAPLAIN.

I FIRST saw this strange woman, who to-day stands before her Maker pleading for His forgiveness and mercy, about a month ago. It has always been my custom to visit the Queens County Jail at frequent intervals, for the purpose of preaching to those who desired spiritual aid in their sorrows, for those poor unfortunates who are moved to deeds of violence and crime and offences against the morals and the law of the land are indeed glad to have some encouraging voice speak kindly to them and offer in a measure some of the comforts that come with faith in Him who listens to all prayers and lightens the burden of woe and misfortune.

I had heard that Mrs. Nack was in her cell, and through the courtesy of the Sheriff I entered, and without hesitancy came to her side and held out my hand, but she anticipated me evidently, and arose from her seat as she greeted me in return. I looked into her face, not searchingly, but inquiringly, as though I had come to be of service to her, to comfort her as much as it was possible under the circumstances. And such was my mission.

"Can I be of any service to you?" I asked. "I trust that time will enable you to disprove all the unpleasant circumstances that appear to have been heaped upon you."

"I will," she answered. "Oh, if any one had told me a year ago that I would be here it would have driven me mad. It is all so terrible to think of. I am innocent of this crime. I cannot understand how I can be charged with it."

She talked with me at some length, and by word and deed gave me to understand that she was guiltless. She showed some desire to talk about the case in general, and I entered freely into a discussion of her plight, but not once did I accuse her of being concerned in the crime. She told me that perhaps like all the human family she had erred at times, and as she talked looked straight into my eyes.

"We are all sinners in the sight of God," I continued. "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confess our sins God is merciful, and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

said: "Will you come and preach to me, sir? I would like to hear your service. I think, perhaps, I can find some temporary comfort in it. And will you bring me some books to read? Not English, but German?"

I inquired what kind of books she desired, and of her own free will she asked for something of a religious order.

Dwight L. Moody's "The Heaven" in the German tongue occurred to me as a work that she could read with some enjoyment, and on the occasion of my next visit I brought the volume. She took it from me thankfully, and began at once to scan its pages. In a very short time she had become deeply interested in the book, and I took occasion to inquire of her whether or not she ever prayed.

"I used to a long time ago and a little now sometimes, but I do not kneel," she replied.

"Why do you not kneel and ask God for forgiveness for all your sins and ask Him for strength to bear up until you have proved your innocence? For you are innocent in the eyes of the law until it is proved that you are guilty."

She hesitated a moment and quietly replied that she would. From day to day her demeanor changed perceptibly. When she had finished reading the volume by Moody she came to me in raptures and said that it had made her happier and given her courage and made her feel that there was some hope even for a sinning woman. Slowly I discerned the seed of contrition and penitence springing from her heart, and then she requested that we sing "What a friend I have in Jesus." Another favorite with her was "I am glad to tell you, sinner, He is just the same to-day." She sang with a full, round voice, and showed some emotion when I quoted from the Psalms of David which she selected as the reading that pleased her best. She was especially impressed with the Twenty-third Psalm, and read it over and over again.

From that time on her nature seemed to soften, and I felt that she was giving herself up to the joys of a wholesome religious belief, for she frequently told me to come more often and to preach to her from the Bible, quoting from the Psalms, where I thought it would do her the most good.

It was evident to me that she had found some relief for her feelings in the hope that there was forgiveness for her, and many times she pressed my hand warmly as I came into her cell to hold a brief service with her.

Once she told me that she thought God heard her prayers, for the reason that she rested easier and that sleep came to her eyes more readily after praying. I was careful never to refer to her surroundings, so that her position would not be brought back to her with too much force.

She began to take me into her confidence, and one afternoon at the close of the singing she said: "I have been thinking of my little girl to-day. I can see her so plainly, it seems. She used to say her prayers at my knee. I had told her that God would give her those things for which she prayed, and she said to me: 'Oh, mamma, I have been praying for something for a long time, but I think God must be deaf, for He has not sent it to me.'"

Tears filled her eyes as she told me this story, and in a short time she was sobbing as though her heart would break. The reference to her child was brief, and she ceased talking of her in a very short time.

The next visit I made she again spoke of her daughter, and I told her that I, too, had a child, a little son. "Will you bring him to see

"Oh! Sir, that I could be a child once more!"

M. P. H.

In the New York Journal

I am glad to give you the real account of the spiritual conversion of Mrs. Augusta Nack, with the true story of the incidents prior to her confession, November 9th 1897. I believe that she is the better for it and will be happier for the rest of her life and will be a blessing to the world.

R. H. P. Miles,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church,
Long Island City

me?" she exclaimed, almost in a transport of joy, clutching her hands. It will make me so happy. I want to talk with him and take his hands in mine. Oh, sir, that I could be a child once more myself!"

Then our conversation turned upon the little ones, and I quoted to her, "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." She seemed to be quite impressed with my promise to bring the child to her, and when I left that day she said she had faith in God, that the influence of His word was mastering her and that she prayed nightly. Her face showed that her heart was penitent, and that she had found light in the newly found religion of her own selection. When we sang she lifted her voice with fervor and followed me in English so carefully that in a very few services she could find her place in the prayer book, the Bible and the hymnal.

I always talked quietly to her of the encouragement she would find in supplication and prayer, and dealt as tenderly as possible with the discomforts of her surroundings. I believe she regarded me as her friend, for she never attempted to hide from me when I came to visit her, as was her custom on the arrival of other visitors, and prison attendants.

On the afternoon when I brought my little son to her she was waiting to tell me that she had learned some of the poetry in Moody's book. But when I entered the cell with the little fellow she stopped quickly forward, took him in her arms and pressed him convulsively to her breast. Tears rolled down her cheeks and her frame shook

with emotion. It was evident that she was greatly affected by the presence of the child, and it was with reluctance that she permitted us to depart after the service. The gentle influence of the little child awakened at last the emotions in her heart which brought her to the Saviour.

Before we left her cell she again picked the child up, pressed her lips to his affectionately, saying: "Bless you, my child, for this. I am all right now. Strength has come to me. Good by."

In truth, I believe that had she known as much of the comforts of faith as she knows now she would not have played the part which she confessed to have played in the terrible crime that is to-day laid partly at her door.

My last visit was Sunday afternoon on the 7th of November. On that day she was exceptionally prayerful, and sang several hymns besides reading aloud the Twenty-third Psalm, after which she told me that strength was coming to her; that she would soon pass into the joys of absolute faith and become a Christian woman for all time.

Later on the same day she, in the presence of Mr. Friend, her attorney, and an interpreter, confessed to her association with the crime and cleared her conscience of the burden that had rested so heavily upon it.

In the name of God, I wish her peace.

R. H. P. MILES,

Pastor of Ravenswood Presbyterian Church, Long Island City.